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VOLUME XXXII. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MAY 21, 1853. WHOLE NO. 1660.

Choice Poetry.

NOTHING IS LOST.

BY JOHN CRITCHLEY PRINCE.

So long is love; the drop of dew
Which trembles on the leaf a flower
Is not exhaled, to fall anew
In summer's shadowy shower;
Perchance to shine within the bow
That frosts the sun at fall of day;
Perchance to sparkle in the flow
Of luminous far away.

Bright bud, for e'en the tiniest seed
By wild birds borne, or breezes blown,
Aids something sealed to its need
To bloom its worth and grown;
Perchance finds sustenance and soil
In some remote and desert place
Or amid the crowded homes of toil
Needs usefulness and grace.

The little draft of common dust
By the March winds disturbed and tossed,
Though scattered by the field go by
Is changed, but never lost;
It may bear some stately stem,
Some proud oak battling with the blast,
Or some unconscious flower
Some rose of the past.

The farmers queen-bee, the flowers put out,
If of cling to earth, or seem to sit
Transformed, stolen, and blown about,
To burn again elsewhere;
Empty to multiply the fold go by
Which glisten athwart the briny wave,
Light the rascal lamp, whose rays
Illume the home of love.

The touching tones of minstrel art,
The breathings of the poet's flute,
Which we have heard with listening heart,
Are ever extant with music,
The language of some household song,
The sentiment of some cherished flower,
Though gone from outward sense, belong
To unconscious hour.

So with our words, or kind, or cold,
I uttered they are not all forgot,
Perchance they have a power untold
Time let us not, then, be careful
To make them fair with good,
Lest we be sorry when we find
That they in ghi blem abroad.

Original Novelet.

MISS THUSA'S SPINNING-WHEEL.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY MRS. ELIZA W. HUNTER, AUTHOR OF "EILEEN," "LORNA," "MARCUS WARLAKE," ETC.

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PART THIRD.

CHAPTER VIII.

A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet;
A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food;
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears and smiles.
Wordsworth.

And now we have arrived at the era, to which we have looked forward with eager anticipation, the return of Helen and Aline, the period when the severed links of the household chain again united, and the hitherto broken circle gathered in the spotless heaven, and expand in the solar rays of love and joy.

We have said but little lately of the young lady, whose name has been forgotten by us, and so little fellowship with the characters of our tale that we have scarcely thought of her by the same group. He did feel a strong interest in Louis, but the young collegian was no favorite with Aline's friend, that is, he was seriously slighted him when he had once looked upon as a mere and an object of curiosity. Still, the handsome, brilliant, haughty, but fine impassioned girl, was as little to his taste, as the meek, self-denied and resigned Helen Clinton, the accomplished courtier, the dashing fop, the pensive, sentimental, and withal, generally reasonless Clinton had no attraction for him. He sometimes wondered if his little, simple, unsophisticated sister could be admired by the same tangential influence, and longed to see the experiment exposed to a test so powerful and dangerous.

Mr. Gleason went for the children, as he consented to call them, and when the latter left the rural drive-seat, there was more than the usual share of joy and mirth. Miss Mittie could not bear think of her sister's coming without a dressing chest, and a throbbing heart. Mrs. Gleason was somewhat astonished, without the least suspicion, and rejoiced that all her children were coming to the festal occasion that now surrounded her. Perhaps even she might yet be loved. But it was to Helen the heart of the mother turned first, for she had not remembered as to gentle, so timid, so graceful child of nature, unspoiled by contact with her grosser elements!

Mrs. Gleason had no curiosity to see the visitor of Mittie, for whom she cherished such profound contempt; and when she caught sight of the inscription, was neither beautiful nor lovely Louis was all impatience, not only to see his daughter Helen, but that beautiful girl, who had made such an impression on his young imagination in the midst of their whole tropical, poetic, and withal, romantic atmosphere in which he had been engaged; but as he thought of the blue, dreamy ocean, as beautiful as loveliness, the sky to loosen the fillet of darkness which the night had thrown around her brow, and the rose pour upon her awakening vision the boundless glories of creation, enkindled in his bosom.

For many days Mrs. Gleason had filled the house with fresh flowers, for she remembered that Helen delighted in their beauty, and Aline, with her artistic taste was a natural lover of them. Helen and Aline, while the latter remained in the parlor, had retired to the room that she would occupy, for such close companionship with any one, she wanted a long time, and under her wild, passionate dreams, her secret, deep, inconsolable thoughts.

At length the travellers arrived; weary, dusty and exhausted from sleepless nights, and horrid, rapid days. No magnificent sun burst glorified their coming. It was a cold, grayish, dingy day, such as often comes, the herald of approaching Autumn. Mittie could not help rejoicing, for she knew the power of first impressions. She knew it by the ugliness which Clinton always expressed when he alluded to her first appearance on the rostar bridge, as the veritable goddess of the blooming season. She knew it by her own experience, when she first beheld Clinton in all the witchery of his noble horsemanship.

Helen was unfortunately made very sick by travelling, so-said, and when she reached home she was exactly in that state of passive endurance which would have caused her to lie under the carriage wheels unresistingly had she been placed perchance in that position. The weather was close and sultry, and Helen gathered on the folds of her riding-dress added to the warmth and discomfort of her appearance. Her father entered her in his arms, and pressed her head reclining languidly on his shoulder, her cheeks white as her native collar. Mittie caught a glimpse of Clinton's countenance as he stood in the back ground, and read with exultation an expression of blank disappointment. After gazing fixedly at Helen, he turned towards Mittie, and his glance and his speech at words could speak —

"You beautiful and radiant creature, can you fear the influence of such a little, spiritless, sickly dowdy as this!"

Relieved of the most intolerable apprehensions, her greeting of Helen was affectionate beyond the most sanguine hopes of the latter. She took off her bonnet with obedience kindness, though Helen would have preferred waiting in her room, to changing her dissolved hair and dusty raiment, leaning to Mrs. Gleason the task of ministering to the lovely hired girl.

"Where's brother? I do not hear his step," said Aline, looking around as unconscious as if she expected to see his advancing figure.

"He has just been called away," said Louis, "or he would be here to greet you. My poor little Helen, you do indeed look dreadfully used up. You were not fit for a traveller, nor for What Allie's roses are scarcely wilted."

"Nothing but faded flowers and a little sea-sickness," cried her father, "a good night's sleep is all she needs. You will see a very different looking girl to-morrow, my darling."

"Better, far better as she is," thought Mittie, as she assisted the young travellers up stairs.

Ill and weary as she was, Helen could not help noticing the astonishment expressed in Mittie's appearance, the like, the glow, the sunlight of her radiant beauty. The guard upon her with admiration and delight.

"How handsome you have grown, Mittie," said she, "and I think on as good as you are handsome. And you look so much happier than you used to do. Oh! I do hope you will love each other as sisters ought to do. It is so sweet to have a sister to love."

The confusion of her ideas, travelling drove her a home, light undress, gave her irresistible to feel, to listen, who, reclining on the sofa, with her head supported by a soft, living, slow stealing over the pallor of her cheek.

"Mittie! Mittie! where is your hair for you?" said Mittie, sitting down by the side of the sofa, and commencing the arrangement of the locks of bared brown, that looked dim in contrast with her own shining raven hair.

"There, I will do," Helen, pressing her hand gratefully in both hers. "You are so kind. Only smooth Allie's face. If her brother comes, she will want to see him, immediately, and you don't know what a pleasure it is to arrange her hair properly."

"Don't you want to see the young doctor, Miss Helen?" I

"To be sure I do," replied Helen, with a heightening color, "more than one else in the world, Mittie, except Allie, and her father, and her young doctor, too!"

"Then I will, if he is all as Methuselah, I expect," replied Mittie, laughing.

"Brother is not more than five or six and twenty," said Aline, "and very handsome."

"Oh yes, added Mittie. "Oh! he is sufficiently handsome, if that is all, but it is amusing to see how that name is fastened upon him. It is seldom we hear Doctor Hazleton mentioned. He dare not be called by any other than what he prescribed for you, Helen, is your rather dim, not night-gown. He had a book of prescriptions with him, which becomes him better now!"

Mittie began to think Helen very stupid, to say nothing of the blushing glow with which she had taken particular pains to introduce her, when she suddenly asked her, "How long that handsome young man was going to remain?"

"He was think him handsome, then?" cried Mittie, rushing a veil of the flaxen ringlets of Aline, so that Helen could not see the high color that reflected her face.

"I think he is the handsomest person I ever saw," replied Aline, and he is also one of the most beautiful specimens of a good night's sleep, is all she needs. You will see a very different looking girl to-morrow, my darling."

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Foreign Letter.

SKETCHES OF TRAVEL.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A voyage up the Rhine from Bonn to Mayence, often stimulates that in favor of the antiquarian, one or romantic, who makes the tour of Europe, thinks of neglecting. On the contrary, from Cologne to Mayence, the table is so rich, that every one who can sleep on a steamboat, wishes to make at least a part of the trip as agreeable at night. At this season of the year (March) the low banks offer nothing strong, to repay the traveller for an occasional look. It was my good fortune to find a boat at Dusseldorf, starting at midnight. It was my bad fortune to find the next morning when I awoke, that pretty soon after starting we had cast anchor, on account of a dense fog, and had lost three or four hours of darkness thereby. We made up some of our loss, by engaging in a race with a steamer which preceded us, in which our craft came off second best. A well contented view on the Rhine is at noonday, which not every traveller meets, and though it was not attended with the strife or danger which accompanies a race on the American waters, it produced enough excitement among the crew and passengers to relieve the voyage of some of its monotony.

I felt a pleasure in reaching Rotterdam, such as I have not experienced since leading at Liverpool last summer. It was the pleasure of seeing once more a busy port, in which some skill was required to keep clear of your neighbors, after having been cramped up for a winter in a town where even a batteau was not to be found. On landing, I found that the crowd of shipping was not the only point of resemblance between Rotterdam and some American cities which I remember. In some other cities I see how many good friends meet you on the quay, to warn you of the gentlemen that will be positioned upon you, unless you take refuge under their guidance. A traveller who is prevented, by commissions or other causes, from breaking on an impudent fellow down, must have a good stock of patience, and he will find that it is too much for their preservation. Any one must have very bad luck if he gets to a dirty hotel in Holland. The moment I set foot in the quiet, homelike inn where I lodged, I could see that I had left Germany. The main room, where all the public drinking was done, was perfectly clean and neat. The narrow stairway, impossible by two abreast, and hardly wide enough for some of the broad Dutch women whom I have seen in the street, was white as wood can be made by soap, water and brushes. The next little room, ornamented as are almost all Dutch houses, with strike of China or Japan, more workmanlike, seemed like a pretty home to me. To add to its home feeling, there was a carpet on the floor, the first I had seen in a hotel since I left England.

If one looks for fine collections of paintings, rich cabinets of artificial or natural curiosities, beautiful specimens of architecture, or of the sculptor's art, he will find little in Rotterdam to satisfy his curiosity. But it is a bustling, thriving city, showing everywhere unmistakable signs of growth and prosperity. Its streets and quays filled with an active, enterprising people, remind one more of one of our American cities than of anything on the continent. Rotterdam is a thoroughly Dutch city, built of the art, and not yet weaned from its threatening mother. Still its avenues do not bear the marks of that ill-ordering cleanliness which exhibits itself in similar and less busy cities at Holland. The well known truth, that there is often the exercise of such a searching purification as you find in other parts of the country. Compared with New York or Philadelphia, it presents, however, a most favorable appearance. As far as my opportunities allowed me to judge, the dwellings and public houses offered, internally, no ground of complaint.

Though Rotterdam offers nothing to the looker for beauties in art, it affords to the lover of the curious an ever-lasting panorama of interesting objects. The American landing here, would perhaps be first struck by the numerous windmills moving from every quarter. They vary in size, style, and color. These, and canals, through and peculiar to Holland, make it the most noticeable features of the country. One fresh from Germany will become at once a student of signs, and he will find considerable amusement therein. They appear like a ridiculous travest, of the German, a close borrowed from the taste of the English, with a strong infusion of another element, the peculiar to Holland. It may be well to be familiar with English and German, fashionable difficulty in understanding most of them, and he may quite easily gather the sense of a newspaper paragraph, by the resemblance to the French and those two languages. But the spoken language is not understood with royal facility, and a person must be accustomed some time to his pronunciation, before he can get from such profit from information communicated in it.

The stranger in the streets of Rotterdam will not fail to notice the rough and ragged wooden shoes, or sabots, worn by the lower classes. They are dug out of a solid block, after the manner of an Indian canoe, and soon built upon the same model as a Chinese junk, as if they might be intended, in case of a deluge, an event many among the Dutch do not deem to be one of his precavers. I never see their odd phrasing, now, nor hear their loud clattering upon the pavements, without wishing to know what effect they have upon the feet. If the Dutch are not mortally troubled with corns, it is a great pity, as Cassel no lesser than a cattle were captured by the police. At Munich the latitude is allowed to suffer neglect, and herself in attention, with their close completion, so if fresh from the back, in which to wear the air of range and pearl powder, the nose and lip vie for preeminence, their odd but not unpleasing costume, and their dutch-like pail. I do not know whether it is safe for me to venture on a description of these dress, for I have already become a bachelor, to a profound ignorance of the architecture of the female wardrobe, and I will try. A black skirt, I think that is the term, an apron or spotless white, a light calico something, looking more like a gown, an odd jacket than anything else that I recollect, pushed over around the waist, a cap of muslin, or muslin as white, below which dangle ear-rings, sometimes of great size and apparent value, and usually the tender shoes, are the essential constituents. These bonne are generally too young to satisfy an American's taste, and I suspect that even the most fastidious will admit that among them not a few are good looking, and that yet fact beauty and good looking are not the chief consideration of most of them. Their passion for ornament is frequently manifested in a pair of ear rings. Instead, however, of interesting the additional ornament to the nose, which on some accounts might be considered, they adjust a pair of gold trinkets, sometimes a mere ring, sometimes a circular shape, and occasionally a couple of miniature ram's horns, upon the temples.

I think those blooming maidens rarely suffer for want of exercise. You may see them at all hours of the day, dragging through the streets under the weight of a loaded wagon, strong enough to frighten a stalwart porter, with heavy baskets on their heads, or more frequently, with a long bar fitted to their shoulders, from the termination of which depend two baskets, the parts of milk or water, sometimes perhaps rich and water, or huge baskets full of marketing.

I have noticed in Rotterdam, and particularly in some of the cities of Northern Belgium, a profusion of looking-glasses. The Dutch believe, it may be the Dutch gentlemen, but not sure, are fond with having mirrors to reflect their own persons; they must have all outside of a house to their view. This important end is attached in a very simple and ingenious manner. A couple of vertical mirrors are placed at the window, making an angle of 45 deg. with it, and a person sitting inside may see all that is passing in the streets, without changing his place, or being seen himself. This absence of reciprocity is admirably adapted to fashionable life, for a lady may know at once whether she should be at home or not to a visitor, without compromising her reputation for veracity by putting her head out of the window. I suggest its adaptation among us. These singular appendages of a fixed window are to be seen as high as the third or fourth story of the house, and are intended for the observation of celestial as well as terrestrial tourists.

The mode of conversing deaths in Holland is sufficiently interesting to a stranger. I think it stands little chance of ever being introduced in America, as it would create the opposition of the whole fraternity of printers, whose existence it ignores entirely. The communication is generally agreed to by a couple of men, of a half military, half mechanistical appearance, wearing a large mottled hat, surmounted with a gigantic white cockade, looking like a cannot, and by a less high dress, consisting of a jacket and short tail. Black, scrubber tailed mouth, knee breeches and black stockings contribute to their grotesque appearance. They ingest along canal in hand, running up and knocking at front doors, jumping into shops, driving carts into each other, disappearing now and then in each alley, and again bursting into daylight.

No inconsiderable portion of the population of Rotterdam live upon the water, not figuratively, because they have their homes upon it. This city, as well as most of Holland, has been wrested from the sea. A piece upon which a human foot could not rest is covered by the house to be built. Piles are thrust down high, and many of the poorer classes build immediately upon the water. They commence life, as my young people in Austria, by renting a house, or buying a boat. In this they live, and carry out their business, raise their children, changing it to a new business and families increase, and they acquire a fortune. Not only are those engaged in a carrying trade live in this way, but the poorest shop for the sale of provisions, vegetables, &c., have no better foundation than the surface of one of the larger canals. You will often succeed in the quays by observing their unphilosophic propensities consider themselves secure from loss when they are upon the ground.

Dutch cleanliness is proverbial. I think it is a virtue which they parade with some ostentation. If anyone by this be so paint to contest the effect, or the cause by which it is produced. As one walks through the streets, he will see the doors, the windows, the sashes, and window steps, or brass-bound wooden buckets, (.1) they are white and bright as their own dames. You see them, too, with their tubs at the front door, engaged in the important household duty of washing their floors. I have never seen a fly on the panes by, or the earliest stain of some sedentary occupation. The Philadelphians have given me a custom which will remain him of home. Looking shell, he may see a girl, with the cap and bonnet, dashing copious supplies of water against the windows, to the serious danger of the careless pedestrian.

There is a healthy, contented look among all classes of people in Rotterdam, that made me feel happy when I began to sympathize in it. I have seen no city in Europe where so few ragged, wretched, of structure as to be seen. There are few instances of poverty, but not enough to neutralize the feeling of general comfort. You will find very few beer houses, and still fewer places for the sale of strong drink. At the few of this sort, you cannot see a man's cough generally fit these establishments in other countries. There may be some connection between these facts.

Rotterdam has become a great port of departure for emigrants to America, and I speak especially for those who go by the way of England. The annual begins has just commenced, and the quays were full, when I was there, of Germanic peasants from Baden, Switzerland, Wurtemburg, Bavaria, and other parts of Germany, who had just come down the Rhine on their way to the New World. I have seen similar scenes in the streets of London, and Liverpool, now, they are full of hope and anticipated happiness, and there, they have tasted a little of that necessary. Penned up five or six weeks, the prey of sea sick one, home-sickness, filth, and an miserable diet, they present to the eye choice of America a more miserable appearance than here in the land of their oppression.

C. G.

Clippings.

KEEN LOVE.

My love is young—my love is fair,
Her footstep soft as summer air;
Her breath—well not my words make,
And yet 'tis sad for her I speak.

My love is young—but passing wise.
She tends my love thoughts in my eyes;
When I do sigh she reads it,
Oh, naught but love I there can see

And then I mark, and then I know,
She loves me! deals where I go;
And then I, too, can well decry,
That she no stranger is for me!

Oh, happy should she prove be,
Whose sweetheart has more sense than he
The soul of love he can discover,
Who loves for beauty's sake alone.

ARRAIGN OF THE DEAD.—Access to the burial place of the persons killed at Berlin, in March, 1848, has been interdicted by the Prussian police, and the public has been excluded from visiting objects. The American landing here, would perhaps be first struck by the numerous windmills moving from every quarter. They vary in size, style, and color. These, and canals, through and peculiar to Holland, make it the most noticeable features of the country. One fresh from Germany will become at once a student of signs, and he will find considerable amusement therein. They appear like a ridiculous travest, of the German, a close borrowed from the taste of the English, with a strong infusion of another element, the peculiar to Holland. It may be well to be familiar with English and German, fashionable difficulty in understanding most of them, and he may quite easily gather the sense of a newspaper paragraph, by the resemblance to the those two languages. But the spoken language is not understood with royal facility, and a person must be accustomed some time to his pronunciation, before he can get from such profit from information communicated in it.

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C. G.

Clippings.

KEEN LOVE.

My love is young—my love is fair,
Her footstep soft as summer air;
Her breath—well not my words make,
And yet 'tis sad for her I speak.

My love is young—but passing wise.
She tends my love thoughts in my eyes;
When I do sigh she reads it,
Oh, naught but love I there can see

And then I mark, and then I know,
She loves me! deals where I go;
And then I, too, can well decry,
That she no stranger is for me!

Oh, happy should she prove be,
Whose sweetheart has more sense than he
The soul of love he can discover,
Who loves for beauty's sake alone.

ARRAIGN OF THE DEAD.—Access to the burial place of the persons killed at Berlin, in March, 1848, has been interdicted by the Prussian police, and the public has been excluded from visiting objects. The American landing here, would perhaps be first struck by the numerous windmills moving from every quarter. They vary in size, style, and color. These, and canals, through and peculiar to Holland, make it the most noticeable features of the country. One fresh from Germany will become at once a student of signs, and he will find considerable amusement therein. They appear like a ridiculous travest, of the German, a close borrowed from the taste of the English, with a strong infusion of another element, the peculiar to Holland. It may be well to be familiar with English and German, fashionable difficulty in understanding most of them, and he may quite easily gather the sense of a newspaper paragraph, by the resemblance to the those two languages. But the spoken language is not understood with royal facility, and a person must be accustomed some time to his pronunciation, before he can get from such profit from information communicated in it.

The stranger in the streets of Rotterdam will not fail to notice the rough and ragged wooden sabots, or soles, worn by the lower classes. They are dug out of a solid block, after the manner of an Indian canoe, and soon built upon the same model as a Chinese junk, as if they might be intended, in case of a deluge, an event many among the Dutch do not deem to be one of his precavers. I never see their odd phrasing, now, nor hear their loud clattering upon the pavements, without wishing to know what effect they have upon the feet. If the Dutch are not mortally troubled with corns, it is a great pity, as Cassel no lesser than a cattle were captured by the police. At Munich the latitude is allowed to suffer neglect, and herself in attention, with their close completion, so if fresh from the back, in which to wear the air of range and pearl powder, the nose and lip vie for preeminence, their odd but not unpleasing costume, and their dutch-like pail. I do not know whether it is safe for me to venture on a description of these dress, for I have already become a bachelor, to a profound ignorance of the architecture of the female wardrobe, and I will try. A black skirt, I think that is the term, an apron or spotless white, a light calico something, looking more like a gown, an odd jacket than anything else that I recollect, pushed over around the waist, a cap of muslin, or muslin as white, below which dangle ear-rings, sometimes of great size and apparent value, and usually the tender shoes, are the essential constituents. These bonne are generally too young to satisfy an American's taste, and I suspect that even the most fastidious will admit that among them not a few are good looking, and that yet fact beauty and good looking are not the chief consideration of most of them. Their passion for ornament is frequently manifested in a pair of ear rings. Instead, however, of interesting the additional ornament to the nose, which on some accounts might be considered, they adjust a pair of gold trinkets, sometimes a mere ring, sometimes a circular shape, and occasionally a couple of miniature ram's horns, upon the temples.

I think those blooming maidens rarely suffer for want of exercise. You may see them at all hours of the day, dragging through the streets under the weight of a loaded wagon, strong enough to frighten a stalwart porter, with heavy baskets on their heads, or more frequently, with a long bar fitted to their shoulders, from the termination of which depend two baskets, the parts of milk or water, sometimes perhaps rich and water, or huge baskets full of marketing.

I have noticed in Rotterdam, and particularly in some of the cities of Northern Belgium, a profusion of looking-glasses. The Dutch believe, it may be the Dutch gentlemen, but not sure, are fond with having mirrors to reflect their own persons; they must have all outside of a house to their view. This important end is attached in a very simple and ingenious manner. A couple of vertical mirrors are placed at the window, making an angle of 45 deg. with it, and a person sitting inside may see all that is passing in the streets, without changing his place, or being seen himself. This absence of reciprocity is admirably adapted to fashionable life, for a lady may know at once whether she should be at home or not to a visitor, without compromising her reputation for veracity by putting her head out of the window. I suggest its adaptation among us. These singular appendages of a fixed window are to be seen as high as the third or fourth story of the house, and are intended for the observation of celestial as well as terrestrial tourists.

The mode of conversing deaths in Holland is sufficiently interesting to a stranger. I think it stands little chance of ever being introduced in America, as it would create the opposition of the whole fraternity of printers, whose existence it ignores entirely. The communication is generally agreed to by a couple of men, of a half military, half mechanistical appearance, wearing a large mottled hat, surmounted with a gigantic white cockade, looking like a cannot, and by a less high dress, consisting of a jacket and short tail. Black, scrubber tailed mouth, knee breeches and black stockings contribute to their grotesque appearance. They ingest along canal in hand, running up and knocking at front doors, jumping into shops, driving carts into each other, disappearing now and then in each alley, and again bursting into daylight.

No inconsiderable portion of the population of Rotterdam live upon the water, not figuratively, because they have their homes upon it. This city, as well as most of Holland, has been wrested from the sea. A piece upon which a human foot could not rest is covered by the house to be built. Piles are thrust down high, and many of the poorer classes build immediately upon the water. They commence life, as my young people in Austria, by renting a house, or buying a boat. In this they live, and carry out their business, raise their children, changing it to a new business and families increase, and they acquire a fortune. Not only are those engaged in a carrying trade live in this way, but the poorest shop for the sale of provisions, vegetables, &c., have no better foundation than the surface of one of the larger canals. You will often succeed in the quays by observing their unphilosophic propensities consider themselves secure from loss when they are upon the ground.

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C. G.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, MAY 21, 1853.

ALL THE CONTENTS OF THE POST ARE SET UP EXPRESSLY FOR IT, AND IT ALONE. IT IS NOT A MERE REPRINT OF A WEEKLY PAPER.

TERMS, &c.

The terms of the POST are $2, if paid in advance, or $2 50 if paid in three months. To clubs of nine, one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low terms to clubs, viz.:

Nine Copies, - - $15 00 For Ten Copies, - - $20 00
Eleven Copies, - - $22 00 For Twelve Copies, - - $24 00

and one copy to the getter up of the Club, $10 00 extra.

Fifteen Copies, - - $30 00 For Twenty Copies, - - $40 00

and one copy to the getter up of the Club, $15 00 extra.

Twenty-five Copies, - - $50 00

and one copy to the getter up of the Club, $20 00 extra.

Answers to Clubs.—Any person having obtained the number and names of a Club, and now means to it at the same rate, provided the latter will allow their subscriptions to end at the same time that such Club do. We will also willingly supply the back numbers if we have them. Our object is to get a large number of sons in each Club, and at one and the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

The Money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured, if it can be had. One note of which may be selected from the number.

Post Masters or others sending for Club, should confer a favor by having them sent to one address, when they can do so conveniently.

All persons addressing letters to us should be careful to give the name of the State, as well as of the town, to which they live. *All letters must be post paid.*

Subscribers wishing their papers changed, will please give the name of the Post Office to be changed *from*, as well as the Post Office they wish it hereafter sent to.

We have made arrangements with the Post Masters, will exert themselves and get up large Clubs for the November Post. A few days will be sufficient to take advantage of our liberal offers themselves, that they will show our Prospectus to some of their personal and respectable patrons who will be willing to do so.

OUR NOVELETS.

We shall forward the back numbers of Mrs. Lee Hentz's novelet,

MISS THUSA'S SPINNING-WHEEL,

to new subscribers, until further notice.

For the benefit of strangers who may chance to see the present number of the Post, we may state that, at the conclusion of Mrs. Lee Hentz's novelet, we expect to publish a story called

A STRAY PATCH FROM AUNT HANNAH'S QUILT,

by Mrs. Frances D. Gage, well known to Western readers as the author of certain interesting household sketches, poems, &c. And doubt that by another novelet from Mrs. Southworth, to be called

THE LOST HEIRESS;
A STORY OF HOWARD HALL.

In addition to these attractions, we are now publishing a series of

LETTERS FROM EUROPE,

by Grace Greenwood. The series will include « letters from Rome, Naples, Florence, Switzerland, France and England."

Of course, the usual miscellany of the paper, in the shape of selected stories, sketches and essays from the English magazines, general and original news, &c., shall not be neglected.

NOTICE.

As this is the season of the year when we are in the custom of sending out bills to those of our subscribers who sow in arrears, we would respectfully request those whose remove such tokens of remembrance, to duly honor the same.

As our circulation has increased, we have opened no reasonable expense to add to our circulation, and as the printing business is one of the dull seasons of the year, we depend, in a great degree, upon our old subscribers to send such orders as may come in their power.

In such expectations we have not heretofore been disappointed. Of course, there are mean and dishonest men in every community, but we have reason to believe that the proportion of such among the subscribers of the Post is much less than among the readers of newspapers generally. We will say as an encouragement, that the great mass of them seem to have a very clear conception of the value of these two magic words, PAY UP.

At Cassel no lesser than a cattle were captured by the police. At Munich the latitude is allowed to suffer neglect, and herself in attention.

Specimen copies of the items of expense in the ball given by the French Legislative Assembly, in honor of the marriage of the Emperor, was $25,000 for flowers in the supper room alone, for passages.

It was stated in Syracuse, the other day, that one of the candidates for office had employed a man no three days, up in the cemetery, copying names of the tombstones to be published.

The present strict system of passport regulations in Austria, appears to be for some time waging to American hotel-keepers and travellers than to English or American cash.

France produces 900,000,000 gallons of wine, Portugal 1,500,000 gallons, and Spain 2,000,000 gallons. Of this amount the Paris people consume annually of the rate of 120 bottles a head, or rather a stomach in the Hare Towns 22 bottles, but in Great Britain only a bottle and a third. Twenty-five years ago Great Britain consumed even more than did thirteen millions sixty years ago.

At the late trial of Burdell's murderer, no direct evidence was put in by the plaintiff, against the defendant

Rotation Cracker—not done,
I care not done, rare and concise,
I cannot express my mind,
But my heart is full of love.

I am so greatly a man can speak,
I love you so far that I can't,
And I shall never be over my head,
Until your heart is over mine.

If you object to me, I never will act wrong
For myself,
But only for you, or you.

A writer of such poetry as this had to pay $1 damages. Served him right, we say.

Selavonians, Greeks, Wallachians, Albanians—native millions of men—are all held in common by one class of lords—the Turks.

A Heresy of Knowledge.—The contemporaries of the Versailles Journal, writes to others Shanghai that there's a Kansas boy in Paris—it would do you good to see him—his cheeks are as red as a rose, and he is as fat as a pig. He is a native of Kansas, born in 1851. Since that period, he says he has killed 40 bears, 600 wolves, 2,841 snakes, 100 foxes, 1,000 wild geese, 5,641 prairie chickens, 1,000 hogs, 80 wild cats, 14 panthers, 200 snakes, besides an equivalent, could not be counted, of wild cats and rabbits. The same boy has also killed from his father's horse, skins, &c., bills but little short of $12,000.

The Wheeling Times states that, of 85 persons, thousand Irish friends sent from that city to Ireland, for the purpose of supporting or bringing over friends, not over ninety dollars was furnished by the persons of Catholic belief.

A fellow who was being led to camp-stool, laid the others down for a moment, and through a rotten street, lost a merchant who needed there, should arrest him for an old debt.

Fight to the last.—Some of the Whig office-holders decrease in a very pugnacious manner. A "leader Agent" on the mail line between Boston and Burlington, its Vermont Central Railroad, who temporarily fills the place of his Democratic successor, now adds "ed" to the word "counter" whenever he signs his name to a way bill. It is said he had head that joke so elerterly after it's off.—*Boston Post.*

Light Dues.—The footprint of the savage treated in the sand is sufficient to assure the presence of man; but the others will not recognize God, the genuine law were complied with, resetting the same technicalities. The verdict was dumb.

Great Doings Among the Ladies.—That we are a great friend of the ladies, and a particularly ardent admirer—we mean, "ardent as a Northern one can make us"—of the two rights of the sex, we hope, nevertheless, to be excused for suggesting on our fourth page. There stands a little paragraph, unpretending, but significant there kinetic woman—the sufferer—with her beautiful mind and graceful form, prepared to take the field, unceremoniously, that is, the said tyrant can bullet.

"I 'Unmarried," we said—but we say inconsistingly no longer. In the words of the poet —marched—

"The times demand new manners and new women"

Awake, arise, or be forever fallen," is now the motto of the ladies, and they have petitioned the Massachusetts Constitutional Convention, now in session, to strike the word "male" from the Constitution—from the three open polls, legislative halls, the jury box, and the ballot box, and, unceremoniously, that the Commonwealth themselves, to this oppressed portion of our beloved fellow-creatures.

Further, we are told, that the next Temperance Convention in New York—

To the surprise of everybody, the Misses Cooper, Miss Fenimore, Miss Susan, and Miss Kelly entered the Hall, and claimed seats as delegates. The Philadelphians were about to give them a hearing: whereupon, amidst much confusion, Miss Lucretia Mott rose and "seceded," declaring that he could no longer remain in the Convention if the ladies were allowed the right to be heard in the Hall. Miss Cooper then withdrew, followed by Miss Mott, and the understanding is, that they are to raise Hall in the Church Hall on the 4th of July, a Woman's Temperance Convention; with women's rights as a side issue, if not the main.

And so "goes the trap"—to use language not to be found in Webster's Dictionary. We propose to have sanctioned something less than 999 times. The women—led on by the Bloomers—will, we fear, be found to have exercised their right to vote, which includes the right to be voted for, which includes the right to make stamp speeches, which includes the right to deliver sermons, which includes the right to be ordained, which includes the right to be prosecuted, which includes the right to be properly do, which includes the right "to pop the question." This is growing serious—let us reflect!

A Spiritual Mormon Doctrine Wanted.—Will not Mr. Cass or Mr. Douglass invent or discover a Mormon doctrine? Something Mormon Doctrine applicable to Spiritual Affairs! That very respectable and benevolent body the Mormons Pust a stop to their career, and inclined to take advantage of our liberal offers themselves, that they will show our Prospectus to some of their personal and respectable patrons who will be willing to do so.

Hints.—Why is it that hats always have been manufactured on the same principle, and proved to be difficult to rip. But from the time when William Tell refused to do homage to Gessler's hat, which was a pole,—the origin of the Liberty Pole—to George Fox's conscientious refusal to take off his hat, and the Quaker Broadbrim, to Nobles or Kings, hats have played no small part in the strife of opinion. That they still are objects of no small importance in the following proves:

The Indians of Mexico are in difficulty with the Government, because the latter will not decree that they intend it interdicted, as suggested by Mr. Gadsden, that the Indians should renounce their hats have been seized lately, and notified that they must wear wool caps, or pay a most enforce. The hatters have addressed a petition to the Government, in which the Indian shapes are admirable and what are not. The Government has decided that it will not do this month, that they really could not tell. The Indians have been ordered to appear in the streets in their night-caps, the most picturesque Calabrian is forbidden, as seditious; the bolivar, as inconvenient, the bearded is literally bowlitter or small mortar; caps and visors are forbidden, as "Yankee notions," and hats throughout Germany by the students, and all the Indians have been ordered to appear in their hats, which was greeted, after a most thorough with them, finally secured a verdict of manslaughter.

Narrow Escape.—A man by the name of Oak, was tried at Norristown, Penn., in the Montgomery County, New Jersey, for murder, and the jury put in a verdict of guilty, but the court refused to receive the verdict, and ordered them to reconsider the degree of guilt. Some few hours after the court was informed by the officers that the jury were reunited, and pronounced it unanimously in favor of manslaughter. The counsel for the prisoner took exceptions to the verdict, because it was not in the form in which was granted. After a most thorough with them, finally secured a verdict of manslaughter.

A Real Sensible Idea

SATURDAY
EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, MAY 21, 1853.

General News.

CORONER'S VERDICT ON THE NORWALK DISASTER.

The coroner's jury have had a long and careful examination of the facts connected with the late accident at Norwalk, and they find that the immediate cause of the disaster was the negligence and recklessness of the engineer.

1st. In running around the curve at a rate not less, certainly, than twenty miles an hour; when, under no circumstances, should it have been half that.

2nd. In not discovering that the ball was down immediately after emerging from the cut.

3rd. In not looking for the ball at the highway crossing, East of depot.

4th. In relying, as he said he did, upon the signals of the switch-tenders, when he well knew that they were not in sight of the draw, and had nothing to do with it.

5th. In not running even slower than usual when the track was wet and slippery.

In addition to all this, he well knew that the draw was required to be very frequently opened.

In not discovering that the ball was down, we think he was guilty of gross negligence. In running around the curve at such a rapid rate, and under such circumstances, we think him guilty of the most criminal recklessness.

At the same time, we do not think the entire responsibility of this disaster rests upon him.

As we have before observed, the rules of the Company do not make it the duty of the conductor to observe the signals, nor are we prepared to say that they should.

His other duties and his position in the cars are such, that the duty, if imposed upon him, would probably be very imperfectly performed; and it may well be doubted whether anything would be gained by way of safety to the passengers, if the engineer could feel that there was another with whom he might divide the responsibility.

At the same time, we cannot forbear the expression of our opinion, that every careful and prudent conductor will, when not otherwise necessarily occupied, endeavor to see whether the signals are down or not. In this instance, he admits that he did not, though not otherwise particularly occupied. But he must have known that the train was, on this occasion, and habitually, driven round the curve West of the bridge in utter violation of the rules of the Company; and this he might and should have put a stop to.

Nor do we think the responsibility of this oc- [...]

EUROPEAN NEWS.—The Atlantic, Capt. West, arrived at New York on the 14th, making the fastest trip of the season—nine days and twenty-two hours.

Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe had arrived in London. She was the guest of the Duchess of Sutherland.

On the evening of the 2nd inst., the Lord Mayor of London entertained at dinner the Judges and other legal dignitaries, and a few literary men. Mr. Ingersoll and Mrs. Stowe were present. Mr. Ingersoll made a speech.—Justice Talfourd made an oration, complimentary to Mrs. Stowe, to which Charles Dickens replied in the name of that lady.

A public meeting is called at Greenwich, to express sympathy for Kossuth, and to denounce the recent attack on him by the Times and the Government.

Lundy Foote & Co., the celebrated snuff manufacturers, have protested against the proposed reduction of the duty on foreign manufactured tobacco, from 9s. 6d. per lb. to 3s. 6d. They say the measure, if carried into effect, will totally ruin those engaged in tobacco manufacture in Britain.

Advices from Australia were of a favorable character. The yield of gold was, on an average, satisfactory.

Her Majesty, Queen Victoria, upon receiving the news of the melancholy accident which resulted in the loss of President Pierce's only son, personally wrote a letter to Mr. Ingersoll, in condolence for the sad affliction the President had sustained.

Two Roman Catholic Bishops, Drs. Ullathorne and Moore, of Birmingham, are arrested for debt, and lodged in Warwick jail. Their pecuniary embarrassments arise from the failure of the Monmouthshire and Glamorganshire Bank, in which they were somehow entangled with respect to trust funds. The Rev. Bishops intend to pass through the insolvent Court.

A new joint stock company appears in the London market, under the name of "The Electric Power and Color Company," its object being to apply Electricity to the purposes of illumination, according to a newly-discovered system of working the batteries, which is said to convert the materials into pigment, having a marketable value.

Twenty-seven thousand emigrants embarked at the port of Liverpool for America and Australia, during the past month of April,—being a larger number than in any preceding month, the increase being mostly of Irish, Germans and Dutch to America, owing to less favorable accounts by recent arrivals from Melbourne.

The examination touching the seizure of the war rockets in London had been concluded, but resulted in nothing being elicited that implicated Kossuth. Hale, the owner of the factory, refused to disclose for whom he was making them.

Kossuth publishes a letter, in which he complains of his private residence being watched by spies, in the pay of the London [...]

Lord Clarendon stated in the House [...] that the British Government was [...] the necessity of maintaining the in[tegrity of the] Turkish Empire, and also that [...] fear of the interruption of the pea[ce] by the Russian disagreements at Constantinople.

NEWS ITEMS.

GENERATION OF HEAT.—Dr. Alexander Mayer, of Paris, announces that he has been able to obtain heat for all the purposes for which heat is now used, by means of friction. An apparatus for this purpose will soon be exhibited to the public.

NEW YORK EXHIBITION.—The London Times states that eight hundred British exhibitors, comprising the leading houses in important departments of British national industry, have sent contributions to the New York Exhibition.

The Irish in the United States, and their poorer friends in the United Kingdom, produce, it is said, one-half of the correspondence carried on by the two nations.

THE LONDON BAR.—As an example of the declining state of the bar, it is stated that twenty two sets of chambers are now to be let in the Middle Temple solely, which numbers two hundred and fifty.

THE LAST ACT OF RUSSIAN DESPOTISM.—The young Countess Teleki, arrested in 1851, as being concerned in the Hungarian revolution, has recently been privately executed in her prison.

Amos Wade has received $6,000 from the Fulton Ferry Company, New York, for being struck on the head by a bolt and ring, which had been knocked out by the ferry boat in which he was being run against another at the bridge.

It is stated that the Grand Jury of Tazwell County, Va., have presented the Legislature of that State as a nuisance! This is returning the law "to plague the inventors," in a most extraordinary manner.

Miss Matilda Heron, the actress, offers the sum of five hundred dollars for an original five-act drama, in prose or verse, to be chosen by herself from such as are presented. She designs to personate the heroine.

Prof. Anderson, it is said, has entered into arrangements to exhibit the Aztec children in Europe. He will leave with the children and their guardian, Mr. Morris, on the 15th of June, for Liverpool.

REDUCED FARE.—The Baltimore and Susquehanna Railroad Company announce a reduction of fare, to take place on and after Monday next, the 16th inst. The fare through to Cincinnati, by railway the entire distance, in thirty-six hours' time, will be $15.

CROPS IN VIRGINIA.—The Fredericksburg Herald states that the effects of guano are quite visible on several crops of wheat between that city and Spotsylvania Court House. Land that heretofore was scarcely worth the seeding, looks as though twenty or twenty-five bushels might be grown on it.

Citizens of St. Louis who spent the season in Minnesota, in the Summers of 1851-2, state that within a range of twenty miles of St. Paul, they counted not less than from fifty to seventy- [...]

The Royal Commission appointed by Queen Victoria to attend the New York Exhibition, consists of the Earl of Ellesmere, and the two world-renowned geologists, Sir Charles Lyell and Sir Henry T. De la Beche. This is a strong evidence of the estimation in which the enterprise is held by Her Majesty.

An Academy of Natural Sciences has been organized in San Francisco. Under its auspices we may expect much correct and valuable information respecting the Natural History of California.

An accident recently occurred on the Paterson Railroad, about a mile from Bergen Hill, between the Paterson Emigrant train going West, and the Erie Express train coming East, by which two men were fatally injured, and several others wounded. After the collision, the conductors rebuked each other for running out of time, each one claiming the right to the road.

RAILROAD LAW.—The Legislature of Illinois, last winter, passed a law to the effect that railroad companies should pay $5,000 for every passenger lost in a train through the carelessness of the company or its agents. The citizens of Chicago have resolved to see this law enforced to the letter.

There are nearly five hundred prisoners in the two Penitentiaries of Pennsylvania. In the Western institution, the labor of the convicts has covered the cost of their subsistence during the year, and has paid four-fifths of the salaries of the officers.

The newest bareges are remarkable for the elegance and diversity of design and beauty of color. Flounces, half gauze and half barege, woven in the loom, are amongst the most striking of the novelties. In a dress just imported from Paris, the robe itself was of a bright rose-colored barege, and it had four flounces, each consisting of a stripe of rose-color, a stripe of black lace, and a stripe of black gauze.

A NEW SETTLEMENT DISCOVERED.—Captain Skinner, of the ship Hermann, from Baltimore to San Francisco, touched at the island of Juan Fernandez, on the 27th of March, for water, and says he was surprised to find there a settlement of about 200 inhabitants, who were directed by a Governor. Great kindness was shown to the mariners, and the vessel was amply supplied with provisions. Capt. Skinner stopped at this island two years ago, and found it uninhabited.

JUDGE OF THE SUPREME COURT.—Judge John Knox, of Tioga county, Pennsylvania, has been appointed by Governor Bigler, a Judge of the Supreme Court of this State, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of John Bannister Gibson.

The State of Nicaragua, it is said, will soon [...]

FROM CALIFORNIA.—The Philadelphia arrived at New Orleans, on the 11th, with the Southern portion of the California mails, and 150 passengers.

She reports that the steamer Illinois was to sail from Aspinwall about the 6th inst., with 500 passengers and nearly $3,000,000 in gold dust.

In a Postscript to last week's paper, we mentioned the explosion of the boiler of the Jenny Lind, at the mouth of San Francisco Bay. The passengers were just sitting down to dinner in the after cabin, when the hot steam came rushing in—few escaped. The following are the names of the killed:

Noah Ripley, wife and four children; C. A. Shelton, Mrs. Kemball, Judge White, of San Jose; Frank Banworth, L. F. Drake, Mrs. Page and child, Miss Wilson, Mr. Carpenter, Mr. Murphy, of San Jose; one female, two stewards, and the others unknown, making in all, 21.

Of the 19 persons scalded, the following names are given: Wm. Fell, of Wisconsin, (since dead); F. F. Colyer, of Racine; R. A. Wyman, of ditto; S. Harper, of Pa.

Mr. James Tobin, late of the firm of Tobin & Duncan, was standing near the companion way, leading to the cabin of the Jenny Lind, when the explosion of that steamer took place, and talking to Mr. Shelton, when he felt the tremor above alluded to. Familiar with such accidents on the Mississippi River, and knowing what it portended, even before he heard the explosion, and simultaneously with the gushing up of the steam, with extraordinary presence of mind he jerked apart the fastenings around his neck of a heavy cloak he had on, and threw it entirely over his head, wrapped it and his hands in the folds, and prostrated himself on the deck. The furious volume of steam rushed over and around him, but he lay with his hand clasped over his mouth, and held his breath. This he did as long as he could, when he made a gasp to recover himself, and again held his breath.—Even through the thick folds of his cloak—through his hand—low down on the deck—half a minute after the explosion, the air was painfully hot. In a little more than a minute he raised his cloak to see if he could breathe—found it still too hot, and covered himself up again. In two minutes he uncovered, completely unhurt—he had not even been singed. His cloak was burnt, and almost dropped to pieces. He was the only man of that whole crowd around him who rose up. His escape under Providence, is due to his presence of mind alone.

There were thirteen Democratic candidates for the Gubernatorial honor. The following are their names:

John Bigler, Governor; J. H. Ralston; Sam- [...]

The Markets.

PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

PHILADELPHIA, May 14, 1853.

REMARKS—There has been a moderate amount of business done during the past week, and but few changes to notice in prices. The Cotton market has been exceedingly quiet, and the manufacturers have purchased cautiously in anticipation of some concession in prices. Flour has been dull, and lower rates have been accepted. Wheat and Corn have been in good demand and prices of the latter have slightly improved. The Coal market has undergone no change; supplies are arriving freely, both from the Schuylkill and Lehigh mines, and there is a good inquiry. Iron is held firmly, and there is a fair demand at full rates. Lead is less firm. In Naval Stores and Oils the transactions have been limited.—Coffee, Sugar, and Molasses are held firmly, and there is a fair inquiry. In Provisions there is no new feature to present; prices are steady for all descriptions. Cloverseed continues dull, and prices have again declined. In Timothy and Flaxseed there is nothing doing. Tallow is in better demand. Tobacco and Wool are held firmly, and there is more inquiry.—Freights to foreign ports are dull, and the rates nearly nominal.

FLOUR AND MEAL—The Flour market has been exceedingly dull and inactive during the past week. There has been but little inquiry either for export or city consumption, and to effect sales holders have been compelled to submit to a decline of 12½ a25c per bbl. Sales of 6a7,000 bbls at $4,62½a4,75 for mixed and fair brands, now generally held at the latter quotation; $4,87½ for a select lot, and $5,12½a5,50 for extra. The sales for the supply of retailers and bakers have been to a limited extent within the range of the same quotations. Rye Flour is held less firmly. Small sales at $3,87½a3,81. Corn Meal is but little inquired after. Sales of 1,500 bbls Pennsylvania at $2,75 per bbl.

GRAIN—The receipts of Wheat have been about equal to the demand, and prices have undergone no change. Sales of 24a25,000 bushels at $1,16a1,18 per bushel for prime Pennsylvania white, but mostly at $1,17, and $1,12a1,14 for red. Rye has been in [...]

[...] Leaf, but prices are unchanged. Prices are firm for Manufactured.

WINES—No sales worthy of notice have transpired.

WOOL—There has been rather more inquiry for manufacturing, and prices are firmly maintained.—Sales of 50,000 lbs, in lots, within the range of our former quotations.

FREIGHTS—To Liverpool are dull, and prices nearly nominal. A vessel was chartered for Belfast at a rate we were unable to learn. Colliers are in steady demand at $1,45a1,55 per ton to Boston; $1,25 for Rhode Island, and 90a95c to N. York.—*Inquirer.*

CATTLE MARKETS.

PHILADELPHIA, May 16.—The offerings of Beef Cattle for the week were about 1,500 head. Beeves are selling from $6,00 to 8,50 per 100 lbs. Hogs are selling from $6,00 to 7,00 per 100 lbs. Cows—Sales from $10 to 15 for dry, and $15 to 40 for fresh. Sheep and Lambs—The former from $2,00 to 4,00; the latter from $1,50 to 3,00, according to quality.

A STRONG CERTIFICATE.

From the Steubenville Herald, March 25, 1851.

☞ The reader is referred to an advertisement in another column, which gives the details of a wonderful cure from the use of *M'Lane's Vermifuge*, which is certified to have been effected, not in Maine, nor in Louisville, nor in Oregon, but here, almost in your midst. Read it, and judge for yourselves.

Public attention is most respectfully invited to the plain, unvarnished statement of your own fellow-citizen, Mr. Stephenson, whose child was wonderfully restored to health by the use of Dr. M'Lane's Vermifuge.

CROSS CREEK, Tp. *near Wintersville, Jefferson Co., O., March 19, 1851.*

MESSRS. J. KIDD & Co.—I have a little boy three years old the 17th day of this month, that has been very delicate in health for some time. After trying a great many other medicines, without receiving any benefit from their use, I was induced to try Dr. C. M'Lane's American Worm Specific, or Vermifuge, as put up by your honors—and wonderful to relate, after giving him two teaspoons full, he passed 160 worms, some of them very large, and others not thicker than a common sized knitting needle; since which time the little fellow has enjoyed excellent [...]

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY CHARLES CAMBLOS, STOCK AND EXCHANGE BROKER.

No. 22 South Third Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Monday last. Market closing firm.

	Bid.	Asked.		Bid.	Asked.
U S 6's '56	107½	108½	Southwark	68	70
" '62	114½	115	Kensington	68½	70
" '67	119½	120	P Township	34	35
" '68	119½	120	Girard	14	14½
" 5s '53	100½	—	Western	68	—
" '65	101½	—	Manf&Mechs	32½	33
July Interest off			Bk of Com	60	—
Philada 6s	103½	104	Camden N J	56½	60
" 5s	95	—	Germantown	66	—
" 6s Gas	105	106	Trent Bk Co	36½	—
County 5s	93	93½	Pitt'bg Bk	54½	56
Penna 6s	100	—	M & M Pitts	54½	55½
" 5s	96½	97	Exchange, Pitts	54	55½
Kentucky 6s	106	—	Com. Cin	15	—
Tennessee 5s	94½	95½	Louis, Ky	114	—
Illinois 6s	81½	—	Kentucky Bk	115	115½
Cincinnati 6s	103½	—	Northern	115	115½
Texas T Notes	44	45	Union, Tenn	97	100
" Bds 8s	65	70	Plant's, Tenn	94	100
Schuyl N 6s	83½	84	Vicksburg	17½	18
" Ist	53½	53½	Com. Natchez	—	—
Lehigh N 6s	98½	98½	N O Gas Bk	125	126
" Ist Loan	95	96	Schuyl Nav	25½	26
" Mort 6s	100½	101	" pref'd to	34½	34½
C & D C'l 6s	98½	99	Lehigh Nav.	76	76½
C & Am R bds	99	99½	C & Del Cal	149	149½
BeaMdw R 6s	89	90	Morris Cl	23	23½
Susqueh C. 6s	66½	67½	Penn&Ohio Cl	—	20
Norrist'n R 6s	99½	100½	Union Cl	15½	15½
Harris R 6s	99½	100½	Camd&Am R	149	150
Wil R 6s	98	98½	Penna R	50½	50½
Read R 6s	88½	88½	Bea Mdw R	35½	36
" Mort 6s	96	96½	Lykens Val R	15	—
U S Bk Notes	90	—	North Am Cl	16½	17
U S Bk Shares	4½	4½	Susqueh Cl	15½	15½
N Amer Bk	153	—	Norristown R	54½	55
Penna Bk	126½	126½	Harrisburg R	53	53½
Philadelphia	142	145	Wilmington R	38½	39
Far & Mec	75½	76	Reading R	41½	44½
Commercial	68½	—	Minehill R	75	75½
N Liberty	55½	—	N Liberty Gas	23	25
Mechanics	32½	33	N W Min Co	—	25

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Of W. & H. TAYLOR, *Baltimore, Md.*
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Of S W. PEASE, 28 *West Sixth St., and* 20 *East Fourth St., Cincinnati, Ohio.*
Of SAML. RINGGOLD, *Louisville, Ky.* [...]

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This invaluable remedy for all diseases of the Throat and Lungs, has obtained a celebrity from its remarkable cures, never equalled by any other medicine. [...]

Local News.

Marriages.

Deaths.

Bank Note List.

Selected Poetry.

LINES.

We met and parted on the beach,
An evening scene and hour each day;
For as the wandering eye could reach,
The waste of sand and water lay.
One on the deep the evening gun
Had signalled with the setting sun,
Where still the fiery track unveiled
The purple and orange tints of gold.
And glory paved the starry way
With promise of a brighter day.

We sat upon the sparkling sand,
Young love had made the theme divine:
I told it hope, I clasped her hand,
That nestled soft and warm in mine:
We were alone upon the shore;
No sound save murmurs reaching near,
Where on the waves the wild duck swam,
Or sea-gull, gladdening, carved the foam.
And glory paved the starry way
With promise of a brighter day.

I told you of our little home,
Far off within the wide, wide West,
Where, never more from there to roam,
My loving heart should make their rest;
Where wild birds sing and waters play,
And flowers bloom beside our way
Of Autumn tide, with lofty trees,
Of wide prairies, sunny smiles:
Of the lone cottage yet to be
Our haven, heaven, all with thee.

Long years have fled since then we met,
Since then we parted evermore—
No thought cue me but true regret,
No solace save this dreary shore.
Thy spirit walks with me the while!
Still, still I press thy little hand—
The vanishing "yes" dwells in mine ear,
As fall of hope, so slowly by fate—
While sad waves of the solitary sea
Seem murmuring o'er thy loss to me.

Canby Island, April 9, 1857. *National Era*

Selected Articles.

BUFFALO HUNTING IN THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS.

Blackwood's Magazine for April contains an attractive outline of a new and curious volume recently published in Paris, entitled "A Twenty Years in the Philippine Islands," by Chevalier F. de la Gironiere, from which we make the following extract, descriptive of one of the author's daring adventures in the hunting field. At Jala-Jala, our readers will find a map, in part in a buffalo hunt. His Indian friend had many surprises absent exposing him to the great risk impossible from the physical strength and dangerous to animal as the wild buffalo of the Philippines. He was not long in discovering that Doctor Pablo was a good horseman, cool, active and ready, he pitched to his ungreat request, and they set out one morning, each on horseback and a little pack of dogs. But the story is best told as we find it in the Magazine

"In that part of the Philippines the buffalo is taken with a lasso, elsewhere (as we shall presently see) fire-arms are used. There is little difference in the danger. In the one case, skill and good riding are the essentials: in the other, great presence of mind and a good gun. The buffalo of those regions does not run when assailed, but rushes on his foe as soon as he sees him, and translates him with his terrible horns.

"My faithful Indian was much more anxious about my safety than about his own. He objected to my taking a gun; he had little confidence in my skill with the lasso, and preferred that I should accept my misfortune by an unarmed combat in my movements. So I set out with a dagger for sole weapon. We divided our party by forces, rode gently along the plains, taking care to keep at a distance from the edge of the wood, lest we should be surprised by the animal we sought. After riding for about an hour, we had heard the baying of the dogs, and understood that the enemy was forced from his forest retreat. We trembled, with deepest anxiety, lest the dogs should be expected him to break forth. He took a deal of running before he would do either, at last three was a sudden cracking noise in the wood, branches were broken, young trees overthrown, and a superb buffalo bull appeared at a distance one hundred and fifty paces' distance. He was a beautiful black, and his horns were of very large dimensions. He carried his head high, and snuffed the air as though scenting his enemies. Suddenly, at perfect ease, he made a rush, and as bulky as animal, he made for one of our troops, composed of three horsemen.

"These set off at full gallop of their horses, and distributed themselves in the form of a triangle. The buffalo selected one of them, and impetuously charged him. As for did so, another of the horsemen, whom he had passed in his furious career, wheeled his horse, and threw the lasso he held ready in his hand, but he was not expert, and missed his aim. Furious at this, the buffalo changed his course and pursued the impudent man who had thus insulted him, and who now rode right in our direction.

"The sight of three hunters went to meet the beast. One of them passed near him at a gallop, threw his lasso, and was so unsuccessful as his comrade. These other hunters made the attempt; nor one of them succeeded. I, as a mere spectator, looked on with admiration at this combat, these evolutions, flights, and pursuits, executed with such order and courage, and with a precision that was truly extraordinary.

"I had often witnessed bull-fights, and often had I slandered at seeing the matadors of a nerve a similar method and order to turn the furious animal from the object of his pursuit. But what comparison could possibly be established between a combat in an enclosed arena and this one in the open plain, between the most terrible of bulls and a wild buffalo? Fancy the picture of the Marguerites! After much flight and pursuit, hard riding and imminent peril, a dexterous hunter succeeded in throwing the lasso with his lance. The buffalo slackened his speed and shook and tossed his head, stopping him and then he got rid of the cumbrous cord that impeded his career. Another Indian, not less skillful than his predecessor, threw his lasso with a like rapidity and success. The furious beast now ploughed the earth with his horns, making the soil fly across him as a shower of dust: he disdained his strength, and to show what revenge he would have made if any of the hunters had allowed themselves to be surprised by him. With much care and precaution, the Indians managed their prize into a neighboring thicket. The buffalo uttered a shout of joy: the spot I could not perceive the cold wheresoever. The animal was vanquished: it needed but a few precautions to master him completely. I was much surprised to see the Indians excite him with the spur, a gesture until he remained the silenest, and treated the grounded with fury. I thought it would have been our fate had he succeeded in shaking off or breaking the lasso! Fortunately there was no danger of this. An Indian then mounted, and, with great agility, attached to a solid tree-trunk the lasso that retained the savage. Then he gave the signal denoting that his office was accomplished, and retired. Two hunters approached and fired their guns at once at the animal, fixed the ends to the ground with stakes, and soon the buffalo was bound, rendered and reduced to immobility, so that we could approach him with impunity. With great blows of their cutlasses the Indians completed that the separated the muscles, and passed through them a cane twisted in the form of a ring. In this state of martyrdom they fastened him securely behind the domestic buffalo, and led him to the next village."

There the poor beast was killed. Just cruel triumphs over the shaggy monarch of the forest. A nice plaine are not always obtained with the like ingenuity. At the next hunt described by de la Gironiere chased, an Indian was surprised by the buffalo as he leaned from the wood, his lance bended, and he himself dreadfully alarmed. When M. de la Gironiere established himself at Jala-Jala, he expressly enjoined that, if they maintain his power and moral ascendancy, he must give proof of bravery, and show himself, on the first opportunity, at least on equal of the most valiant of his Indians. A buffalo hunt was the occasion he took to establish his reputation for courage. His Indian guards cried out that they would rather place their lazy horses at twenty paces from the muzzle of a rifle than at the same distance from a wild buffalo. The rifle's bullet might only wound the animal, and then worse certain death. When M. de la Gironiere one day quietly declared his intention of buffalo-hunting, they did all in their power to dissuade him, sketching a vivid picture of the perils of such a hunt to one so inexperienced as himself. He bowed to heed of the ill arguments, and said that he did not, for he afterwards declared it was necessary for him, and they had agreed amongst themselves to entrance his courage according to his acceptance or refusal of the dangerous chase. This time the gun, not the lance, was the weapon to be employed. The range was in the mountains, the hunters were on foot. Instead of galloping away, they were to steadily await the charge.

The following is the course of proceeding:—"Ten men, provided with a gun apiece which you can rely, and you so place yourself that the buffalo, on issuing from the woods, must pursue you. The instant that he does so, he sets off at the very top of his speed, breathing, rushing, impugning every obstacle with his path. Do not rashes upon you as if he would overwhelm you; but, on arriving within a few paces, he stops for a moment, and presents his sharp and menacing horns. It is during this brief delay that you are to aim and fire: you must not be in too great haste for the lodge of his foe. If unfortunately his gun misses fire, or if his confidence in his skill has fatal troubles, if the ball destroys, he is lost, for Providence alone can save him."

This was the programme which M. de la Gironiere executed, for the sake of convincing the Tagalos Indians of his courage. His whole account of the day's proceedings is graphic in the extreme; but as we have still to accompany him on more than one equally remarkable expedition, we can afford the buffalo little more space, and must confine ourselves to the animal encounter between the man and the beast, after the latter had issued from the forest.

"It would be difficult for me to describe exactly what passed within me during the brief time the buffalo took to traverse the distance that separated us. My heart so violently agitated by the cracking sound of the monstrous beast tearing its way through the trees, now so longed impatient. My eyes were fixed upon him, my gaze was riveted to his brow, without a consciousness that I saw nothing else. It seemed as if a profound stillness reigned around me. I was too absorbed to hear anything, although the dogs that were baying at their heels from time to time, and the cries of my companions, reached my ear. At last the buffalo issued his head, and, perceiving me, he made a pause; then, with a sort of leap, he sprang upon me: at that moment I fired. My bullet penetrated his skull; I was half-stunned. The animal staggered forward, and fell prostrate just a pace in front of me: his fall was so heavy, and the noise so great, that it resembled that of a mass of rock. I put my foot between his horns, and whose to fire my second ball: but, when a hollow, prolonged bellowing told me that the animal's life was complete, and that the buffalo had breathed his last. My Indians came up. Their joy turned to admiration: they were enchanted: their friend sat all that they wished. All their doubts had been dissipated after the success of my gun, when I had slain the buffalo. I was brave, I had all their confidence: I had shown what I was made of. My victim, fiercely and valiant to the last, was a fine image. As its conqueror, I took possession of its horns, which were six feet long: they are deposited there in the Museum at Nantes. The Indians, those lovers of metaphor, those givers of nicknames, called me henceforth *Malamali Onkaw*—Tagal words, signifying Conqueror of Bulls.

It is certainly difficult to imagine a more deliberate operation than that of stepping a savage bull with a single bullet when he has arrived on your the sportsman that, if the shot misses, the enemy is upon you, and tender no boon. Nothing the gravity with which such affairs are inthe